A New Scotch Ballad:

CALL'D

BOTHWEL-BRIDGE:

OR,

Hamilton's HERO.

To the Tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

1.

When valiant *Bucklugh* charg'd his Foes,
And put the Rebel *Scots* to flight,
Full many a Gallant Squire aroſe
And ruſh'd into the Fight.

2.

From ſturdy *Mars* they all did ſpring,
And by the Dint of Spur and Switch
Could make their Steeds to kick and fling,
And leap o're Enemy like Ditch.

3.

But lo! amidſt this furious Train
Of matchleſs Wights, appeared one
With Courage and with Proweſs main
As ever yet was ſhown.

4.

Of Viſage dark as day of Doom,
Moſt pittifully rent and tore,
Shews him a Warrier in the Womb
That Wounds receiv'd e're he was bore,

5.

His Breaſt all Steel, of Temper tuff,
And *Falſtaff*'s Belly deckt with Charms,
With *Brandon*'s Head, all clad in Buff,
Secure from *Scottiſh* Arms.

6.

Full ſix Foot deep in Stature he,
A goodly ſight for to behold,
Of Parentage and Pedigree
Moſt wondrous to unfold.

7.

Not gen'rous Whore, of better kind,
Nor Stallion ſtout, of Mettle higher
Than is the fierce undaunted mind
Of this our lofty Squire.

8.

But, that you may believe, his Race
Was ſuch as we dare brag on,
Know to St. *George* he Kinſman was,
and Son and Heir to th' Dragon.

9.

From that bold Knight he Valour gain'd,
And from the Venom of this Syre
The gift of ſwelling he obtain'd,
And eke of ſpitting Fire.

10.

At two Months Age, from Mothers Paps,
He ſuck'd out Bullets inſtead of Milk;
Which rowling in his Warlike Chaps
They turn'd as ſoft as Silk.

11.

With this rank Food he fed ſome years
Till he ſo ſtrong a Stomack got,
That he could ſwallow down whole Spears
And mumble Canon-ſhot.

12.

Did he but hear thoſe Furies roar
He'd ruſh into the heat of Battel,
And bowze Combuſtion from the Bore
As 'twere from mouth of Sucking-bottle.

13.

No Armour needful was in fight,
Nor car'd he for the Pow'rful-ſhield;
He valu'd Courage not a Doit
To man him in the dreadful Field.

14.

For let the whiffling Bullets ſtray,
'Tis no matter whether thick or thinner,
His only buſineſs was to pray
They'd ſhoot him down his Dinner.

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15.

THus dyetted, 'gainſt *Scottiſh* Loon,
He proudly troopt by *Monmouth*'s ſide,
Accouter'd with a Knife and Spoon
Which all their Arms defi'd.

16.

But as the Duke right manfully
March'd on his ſtubborn Foes to meet,
He all beſh —— the Shot which he
So likely was to eat.

17.

Behind his Grace he tamely ſlunk,
(Suppos'd) from Wounds his Breech to keep:
And at each thundring Volley ſhrunk
Like Hog-Louſe in a Heap.

18.

Moſt pittiouſly he there did ſhrugg,
And curſt a thouſand times damn'd *Mars*,
Then popt down head to ſave each Lugg
And worſhipp'd Royal A———

19.

Full ſore he ſtunk whileſt helter skelter,
He heard the Ammunition skim,
For ſtill as he would ſeek new ſhelter
Fear, like Gun-ſtick, ſcow'rd him.

20.

Yet did our Hero 'ſcape the Brunt,
Through Ghoſtly Skill to diſappear,
For, like a Duck, he div'd i'th' Front,
And roſe again i'th' Rear.

21.

Where, ſafe as a Surgeon in the Hold,
With Sweard ſharp ſet for cruel Blow
He huff'd and puff'd, look'd big and bold,
And ſtroak'd the Soyl where Beard ſhould grow.

22.

Then with his truſty Whynnyard he,
All man, Sir, ſlaſhing through the Air,
Cry'd, like the Taylor to the Tree,
Here I could have you, Sir, —— *and there* ——

23.

Thus did he brandiſhing proceed,
Till the deſperate Warlike Minion
Made th' individual Attoms bleed,
And peel'd them like an Onion.

24.

This without pitty too to ſpare
Thoſe which he breath'd, as if he meant
Revenge on the Philoſopher
That ſays, *Our World is accident.*

25.

His waiting *Genius*, eke alſo
With world of pains, and muckle do,
From Scabbard Salted, as I trow,
A pickl'd Weapon drew.

26.

To Lord and Maſter true he ſtuck,
And ventur'd full as hard as he;
For 'twas the way to meet good luck,
And be from dangers free.

27.

The luſty Loon came on behind,
And in his mighty Cloak-bag caught
That Courage blown away by th' VVind,
VVith which the Eſquire ſhould have fought.

28.

The ſprightly Wallet 'gan to jump,
Poſſeſs'd with theſe Almighty Charms,
And, bidding long farewell to Rump,
VVas in a moment up in Arms.

29.

The noble Champion bravely then
Began to ſmile and take good chear,
'Twas time to lay about him when
Portmanteau turn'd a Volunteer.

30.

Martch on, my Darlings then, quoth he;
For lo! the Battel's at a ſtand,
And 'tis ordain'd that only we
Should tame this uncouth Land.

31.

This ſaid, into a Body they
With Marſhall Skill drew up their Force,
Conſiſting, as you heard me ſay,
Of Cloak-bag and twa Horſe.

32.

But ah! alack, and weel-a-day!
The Canny Duke (God bleſs his Grace)
E're theſe three *Wights* could reach their prey,
Had laid it dead upon the place.

33.

The Squire, all Fury, took it ill,
For ſorely he began to maunder,
And 'cauſe he left no Foes to kill
Wept out like *Alexander*.

34.

Yet when he ceas'd to ſob and frown,
Quoth he, What though the *Kerns* are ſlain?
To ſave my Honour and Renown
I'll kill them o're again.

35.

With that his Punnyard forth he draws,
(Thus Death himſelf prov'd mortal too)
For napping in a dead man's Jaws
He ran him through and through.

36.

This was his Zeal and Loyalty,
And fear of being Credit-ſhamm'd,
He garr'd each Treach'rous *Scot* twice dee:
In hopes he might be double damn'd.

37.

Thus too St. *George* he has o'recome,
And ſtabb'd the mighty Hero's Fame,
Honour he leaves him not a Crum,
All's due to ———'s Name.

38.

He now as *England*'s Champion raigns;
'Tis he alone is born to rule,
To bind the Quarrelſome in Chains,
And call a Giant Fool.

F I N I S.

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